

The Tragedy of Hamlet

crawling betwene earth and heaven? we are arrant Knaves, be-
leeve none of us, go thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Ophel. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house:
Farewell.

Ophel. O helpe him you sweet heavens.

Ham. If thou dost marry, Ile give thee this plague for thy dow-
ry, be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape
calumny, get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs mar-
ry, marrie a foole, for wisemen know well enough what monsters
you make of them: to a Nunry, goe, and quickly too, farewell.

Ophel. Heavenly powers restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your paintings well enough: God hath gi-
ven you one face, and you make your selves another, gig and am-
ble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your
wantonnesse ignorance; go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me
mad: I say we will have no moe marriages, those that are married
already all but one shall live, the rest shall keepe as they are: to a
Nunrie goe.

Exit.

Ophel. O what a noble minde is here orethrowne!
The Courtiers, Souldiers, Scholars, eie, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'observ'd of all observers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That suckt the honey of his Musicke vowes;
Now see what noble and most soveraigne reason
Like sweet bells jangled out of time, and harsh,
That unmatcht forme and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extasie. O woe is me
T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Exit.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections doe not that way tend,
For what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on 'brood,
And I doe doubt the hatch and the disclose

Prince of Denmark

Will be some danger; which for
I have in quicke determination
Thus set downe: he shall with
For the demand of our neglected
Haply the Seas and Countries
With variable objects shall exp
This something settled matter in
Whereon his braines still beati
Puts him thus from fashion of
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well:

But yet I doe beleewe the orige
Sprung from neglected love: he
You need not tell us what Lord
We heard it all: my Lord doe
But if you hold it fit, after the
Let his Queen-mother all alone
To shew his griefe; let her be re
And Ile be plac'd (so please you
Of all their conference: if she
To England send him, or confin
Your wisdome best shall think.

King. It shall be so,
Madnesse in great ones must no

Enter Hamlet, and the

Ham. Speake the speech I p
trippingly on the tongue; bu
Players do, I had as lieve the
not saw the aire too much with
for in the very torrent tempest,
your passion you must acquire a
give it smoothnesse: O it offer
bustious Perwig-pated fellow
rags, to spleet the eares of the gr
are capable of nothing but inext
I would have such a fellow whip
Herods Herod, pray you avoid
Play. I warrant your honour.

Will